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Ida Rubinstein, the Dancer, as She Was When She First Captivated D'Annunzio, and Before She Fled from Him.

The Decadent Dramatist and the Recently Repentant Russian Dancer Brought Together Again by His New Play, the Latest Sensual Prodigy of the Paris Stage

Paris, July 5.
THE life of asceticism and pious devotion could not hold Ida Rubinstein and Gabriele D'Annunzio.

She, the most temperamental, passionate of all Russian dancers, is now playing the leading role in D'Annunzio's new poetic drama, "The Pisanella, or the Perfumed Death."

He, the most erotic, decadent yet gifted of all verbal magicians, fell madly in love with the dancer when she was playing his "Saint Sebastian." She rejected his wooing, for the spirit of the drama had turned her soul to religion. D'Annunzio was not a man a moralist could approve, for he had a wife and he has most basely ill-treated the great Eleonora Duse, not to mention others.

Ida Rubinstein's example made him repentant also. He decided to return to Italy to make amends to those he had wronged and pay off the enormous debts from which he had fled. She went away to the wilds to repent and purify her soul. But the love of luxury, the yearnings of the flesh and the old deep-rooted habits of life were too strong for both of them. They are both back in Paris again and together.

"The devil has them for good now," say the cynical Parisians.

"The Pisanella" is the most hectic, morbidly sensual yet picturesque and original work that has yet been produced by D'Annunzio. Its effect is heightened enormously by the wonderful scenery and costumes designed by the great Russian artist, Leon Bakst. It is accompanied by mystical harmonies by Debussy. Its production at the Chatelet Theatre was the most memorable occurrence in recent dramatic art.

The scene is laid in Cyprus in the thirteenth century, when the beautiful Mediterranean island was a kingdom founded by the Crusaders and the haunt of the most desperate adventurers of Eastern Europe. Cyprus was the reputed birthplace of Venus, and some of the islanders still worship the sensual pagan goddess, while others put their hopes in a poor Christian virgin from the people who, according to legend, will deliver them from pestilence, drought and famine.

With these beliefs is mingled the legend of a lord of the island, who placed his wedding ring on a statue of Venus. The statue came to life, entered the nuptial chamber, and the young lord's bride, seeing that he was overcome with admiration, killed herself in despair.

The time has come when the very young and innocent king of the island, Huguet de Lusignan, should marry. His ambitious and heartless mother, and his unscrupulous brother-in-law, the Prince of Tyre, wish him to marry a princess of powerful family. He dreams of marrying a poor Christian maiden who will realize the legend of the people. All this is explained in the prologue. The play is written in very curious old French verse, with irregular unrhymed lines.

The first act shows the harbor front of Famagusta, the port of Cyprus, crowded with corsairs and pirates of all nations, who are selling the slaves and booty captured from Saracen ships. Conspicuous

among the captives is a very beautiful young woman, enacted by Ida Rubinstein, who is offered at auction. Obert Embriac, a Genoese knight, desperately wounded in capturing her, is madly in love with her and demands her for himself. Here are striking passages from this scene:

THE AUCTIONEER.
In the name of God, this woman is offered at auction.
FERNAND VALAR.
Messire Frazes, desist thou 'that we unbind her,
That you may be able
Better to know her and judge
Her whole body? She is perfectly formed
And you will win the gem of the booty.

OBERT EMBRIAC.
By the sacred emerald
Of Caesarea
Wretch, if any one attempts to put
a hand on her
I will give him such a stroke in the mouth
That my sword's point will come out
Through the back of his neck.

FERNAND VALAR.
Hold your tongue.
You interfere with the liberty
Of the auction.

A fierce contest between bidders for the beautiful captive goes on, interrupted by outcries from the wounded Obert Embriac, who finally silences the others with his ravings, crying:
Stop, stop, you foolish bidders.
Where is all this gold you offer?
Is it in your dogs' jaws?
Is it in your pigs' bellies?
This blood stained bandage
Weighs more than all you possess.
And this four-foot sword
Still more. This woman
Is mine, comrades.
She, the gem of the booty, is mine.
Yes, Sadoe, the Jew,
I have paid for her with an ounce
Of burning brain.
You have seen me, Valar, rush upon
them.

The shafts of my oars
Burned in the oarlocks.
I boarded the Saracen barque amid-
ship.
I struck them so close
That the blood splashed in my face.
As I fought my way to the poop
My face was all red with slaughter,
yet I
Was still without hurt. I had
All my life
In my Christian soul, with the lives
Of all these dead men,
And I know not what other strange
lives.

When under the poop
Being I have seen her,
And she rushed over my spirit
Like the great foam
Thrown up by the galley's oar.
Woman, do you remember?
Speak and testify in Christ!
She did not cry
When I placed my hand upon her
shoulder.
Colder and smoother
Than a ship's ballast stone,
But she threw her head back like
The tower who throws himself
Backward and falls on his bench.
With what oak stroke have
You then driven my life,
Woman, towards what billow?
Suddenly the axe struck me.
See, my blood ceases
Not to flow.

Ida Rubinstein, Who Now Plays the Part of the Pisan Courtesan in D'Annunzio's Strange New Drama. Drawn by Leon Bakst, the Famous Russian Artist.

(He feels the bandage with his left hand and draws it back covered with blood.)
Is she not mine, comrades?
(The grimace of death again curls up his purple lips.)
But you are misers.
You are lovers of gold.
I will give you gold.
I will give it to you, little hucksters.
Take my share of the prize,
Take my cargo of wheat, which is coming
Into port. Take my aloes wood
And all my balm of Gilead.
Then do you wish a city?
(Madness takes ever greater hold upon him.)
I will give you one.
I am an Embriac.
With arms of three lions sable.
I have taken Arsouf and Caesarea
and Acre.
I will give a quarter
At Joppa, another at Tripoli,
And all my houses and my churches,
And all my monies,
And my fountains,
And my docks from Tyre to Gibraltar,
And from Laodicea to Antioch,
And from Tarsus and Caffa to Trebizond!

A whole troop of Tartar
Slaves, worth three hundred ducats
a head,
Gentle and submissive as hounds,
For this woman.
The orchards of Taurus with walls
of enamel
And doors of silver
For this woman!
Three isles which perfume
With mastic the archipelago
And bubble with must like wine vats
For this woman!
And is that not enough?
The emerald, the sacred
Hollowed emerald,
Which Embriac, the stormer of
cities,
Withdrew from the flame
Without burning his hand, I give
to you
For this woman!
And I press out the blood
In which I have soaked this cloth
(He makes a movement to tear away the bloody bandage. He staggers in the vertigo of delirium.)
That she may drink of it
(Without releasing his grip of

"Ida Rubinstein, the dancer and Gabriele D'Annunzio, the dramatist, are collaborating in his new drama of death. 'The devil has them for good now,' say the cynical Parisians."

his sword he falls heavily on his face.)
In Christ.
(He makes no further movement. He is dead.)

The Prince of Tyre also claims the captive, but the King then arrives with wagonloads of provisions for the suffering people. They acclaim him with joy and think they see in the beautiful captive the legendary maiden who is to marry him and relieve them from their misery. By the King's orders they carry her in triumph to a convent.

In the second act the nuns are seen climbing a ladder to peer through the window of the Blessed Maiden, as they call the captive. To their surprise they find her adorning herself, painting her eyebrows and coquetting before a mirror. She is preparing herself for the King.

Then the Prince of Tyre arrives, followed by a band of courtesans who declare that the strange woman is one of their own kind formerly notorious at Pisa, in Italy, whence she is called the "Pisanella." As the Prince is about to seize her the King enters and strikes him down with his sword. The Prince cries:

You have killed me,
But you are doomed to the fires of hell,
For this is the enemy,
She is your statue of marble.

The young King loves the Pisanella madly, believing her to be the maiden of legend. The whole island is torn into warring factions fighting for or against her. She brings death and ruin to the great and rich, but the

The Devil, D'Annunzio and Ida Rubinstein

poor still regard her as their salvation. The court is distracted by the reports of her charms. Blancheflor, a lady of honor to the Queen Mother, thus describes her charms to the Court:
She has a proudly raised head
Like that of some sweet serpent I have heard of. Her eyes
I have described. Her eyebrows
Hold the loveliness
Of the world as a new leaf
Keeps the tears of its first rainfall
Often she seems to breathe
Through her hair. Her mouth
Seems to ask her breath back again
From the soul which has closed it.
And there is nothing else.
That is the cause of all.

Sometimes she throws back
Her head; and it suffices
That she moistens her lips
With the tip of her tongue
That suddenly her whole cruel face
Seems to be steeped
In a marvellous liquid.

Which effaces her
features.
At that instant her
face
Is nothing but the
miracle
Of a lovely pool in
which swims
A spray of rose.
And there is nothing
else.
That is the cause
of all.

The desperate
Queen Mother de-
termines to free
her son forever
from the fascina-
tion of this terri-
ble woman. She
gives a great ban-
quet in his honor,
to which all the
great lords and
ladies of the island
are invited. The
Queen Mother asks
the "Pisanella" to
dance.

This dance is Ida
Rubinstein's tri-
umph of art and
sensuality.
While she dances
with wonderful fire
and seductiveness,
negro slaves, di-
rected by the
Queen Mother, sur-
round her with
arms full of roses.

They throw them upon her as if in
homage to her skill. Thicker and
thicker they throw them, until she
sinks under the weight of perfumed
tributes and is crushed to death.

This is the perfumed death of the
Pisan courtesan. Two fierce leop-
ards in a gilded cage are held in
readiness to finish the work that the
roses have begun.

As the Pisanella lies silent under
the mound of roses the young King
enters and confronts the Queen
Mother. These are the words that
the audience thought they caught
amid the sonorous splendor of the
scenery:

THE KING.
Strange rumors send me hither,
Against, yet unbelieving.
If aught of ill has here befallen
The Christian Maid—

THE QUEEN MOTHER.
See you this
Mound of votive garlands,
These leopards still in leash?
What ill can roses do to Christian
Maid—
Or painted Venus?
'Tis true, with nimble feet
She danced, the while with car-
mined lips
She smiled—the very smile that
once
In Cyprus—

THE KING.
She's not that same;
The Lord of Tyre found death
In self-same slander of the Maid
By Heaven sent.
To save this land
From famine, pestilence and ruin.
THE QUEEN MOTHER.
(As though the King had re-
mained silent.)
So graceful was her dance, so sweet
Her carmined smile,
I bade my slaves to deck her well
With garlands she had won.
Behold! So well was she rewarded
You see her not—but only
Votive roses
In the towering heap, of which, may-
hap,
She is the swooning heart.

THE KING.
Murderess!
(He digs frantically among the
garlands. Then, realising that
no life could survive in that suf-
focating heap, he rises and de-
nounces the Queen in a frenzy of
rage and despair.)
At the end of the King's denuncia-
tion, which includes a panegyric on
the Pisanella, he falls upon the
mound of roses in a swoon—and thus
the play ends.



Gabriele D'Annunzio.



Portrait of Ida Rubinstein by A. de la Gandara, Made When a Remorseful Mood Was Upon Her.

"Beauty Sleep" Means 9 Hours.

By ELIZABETH SLOAN CHESSEB, M. D., Lecturer at the London Institute of Hygiene.

EVERY woman desires to be beautiful. Many who are not, would be if they did not let less important matters infringe on their due allowance of sleep. Beauty sleep means nine hours out of each twenty-four—no less.

Every human being who works during the day needs nine hours of sleep at night to restore expended vitality. The claims of society upon fashionable women are equivalent as vitality absorbers to the daily tasks of working women. Nothing takes the place of adequate sleep in obliterating the unattractive signs of vitality over-exended, in work or pleasure.

There are other pointed reminders for women troubled by signs of fading beauty. If women paid at least as much attention to their teeth and their digestions as they do to their complexions they would be better looking in consequence.

There would be fewer invalids in the world to-day in more work, rather than rest cures, were prescribed for hypochondriacs.

It is work that makes life interesting, healthy and worth living.

Apart from recent unhappiness or bereavement, the natural human being ought to be happy. A certain number of people who worry require more work in their lives. Many women are unhealthy because they have a definite plan of life, because they are self-centred, and because their time is not sufficiently filled up with domestic duties and family responsibilities to use up their energy. Every woman should determine to concentrate on optimism, healthy-mindedness, and not allow herself to sink into despondency, depressing thoughts and emotions.

One of the Negro Slaves Who Smother the "Pisanella" to Death with Roses. Drawing by Bakst.